

# The Clew of the Liquor Bottles

Edited by William J. Bacon

A True Story of the Secret Service, as Told by Capt. Dickson

SOME years ago, before I became connected with the United States secret service in the east, I was engaged by a member of the western express companies to do some special work for them," began Capt. Dickson. "My headquarters were in Denver and my work, on the whole, was decidedly interesting. One adventure in particular made me proud of my service for our company, although it was largely a matter of luck that brought about my success in that instance. I am a firm believer in luck, for it plays an important part in every man's life, and it has figured to a large extent in my adventures. I am free to confess.

A daring express robbery had been committed in the western part of the state, near the Utah line, by three men. The messenger had been murdered and the passengers throughout the train robbed of all their money. The holdup men secured something more than \$15,000 from the express company's safe and fully \$5,000 from the passengers. They took nothing but money, however, leaving valuable jewelry, diamonds and watches with their owners, and ignoring the parcels in the express car. This circumstance showed that the gang was composed of experienced thieves, for money is the hardest thing in the world to trace.

"I was notified of the robbery on the afternoon of the second day after it occurred, and although I hastened to the spot with all dispatch and made arrangements by wire it was noon of the third day before I alighted at the nearest station. Here I had arranged for two horses and a prospective rider, desiring it best to follow the high hills in the direction of a ridge, as the robbery had been made at a point near the turning corner of southwest Colorado, and I expected to find the criminals at some of the summer and mining camps.

"I have never been a believer in disguises except as a stopping. All efforts to change one's face with grease paint and wig and the like only tend to attract attention and direct suspicion to the man thus disguised. The casual observer might not notice the deception, but the professional and especially the hunted criminal is a casual observer. He too learned the habit of noticing everything and he will detect the least false point in a man's appearance and about him as if he were afflicted with the plague.

"A change of dress with work worn done in a man's appearance. If a man can wear other clothes than those he is accustomed to and wear them easily and naturally, he can more effectively disguise himself by this means than he can with all the wigs and paints and whiskers in existence.

"Crossing across the continental divide, I had suffered a slight attack of indigestion. I sent the porter after a flask of whisky, asking for a certain brand. He returned in a few minutes with one of the distinctive little bottles customarily sold on sleeping cars as a flask of whisky. It was not the brand I had ordered, but the porter explained that this was the only brand of liquor the company sold, and I had to be content with it. The label of the bottle stated that it was put up expressly for the company.

"On reaching my destination, I immediately assumed the character of a miner and set about my inquiry. There was little information to be gathered beyond what was contained in the express company's report of the robbery, of which I had a carbon copy. Realized that time spent here would be wasted, I set out for the scene of the robbery, riding a wiry little pony and leading another on which was packed my outfit of grub and cooking implements and other's tools.

"The place was a desolate spot. The road ran through a broad alkali valley which had not, at that time, been brought under cultivation by irrigation. It was easy to pick up the trail of bandits and follow it across the valley to a southwesterly direction to the foot-hills of the Rockies, where the trail disappeared, the rocky ground leaving no trace of hoofprints.

"From this point on it was to be a matter of luck and guesswork. I believed my men had made for Telluride, Ouray, Silverton or some other mining camp, but I was not rash enough to venture a guess as to which it might be at that stage of the game. These camps, with their rough, shifting population, offered capital retreats for criminals, and from past experience I knew that my three rogues would, in all probability, remain in one of these camps until the excitement from the robbery had subsided, and then make for civilization to spend their money.

"For three days I drifted at random through the mountains, following trails and paths, for there were no roads, endeavoring to pick up some clew or find the place where my party had spent the first night after the robbery. The hold-up had occurred about noon, and, by hard riding, the three highwaymen could penetrate some ten or twenty miles into the fastnesses of the mountains before it became too dark to travel further. It was out of the question for any one to advance through that region after dark. I hoped to find the place of their camp, and felt sure I would do so by perseverance.

"Late the third afternoon I stumbled on the ashes of a campfire, and close beside it, among the fir and cedars, I found where horses had been tied. This was what I had searched for, and I felt sure that I would here find something of value. I camped a short distance from the place so I would not disturb it, leaving my examination until the next morning, when I would have a good light, it then being too dark to attempt such a thing.

"That night, by the light of my campfire, I read again the report of the robbery as given by the train bandits. Near the last of it was the account of the sleeping car porter who related, with evident grief, that he had been relieved of \$615 in silver, and that the bandits had rifled the liquor cabinet of the buffet, taking with them all of the whisky and a few bottles of the rarer and stronger wines.

"Early next morning I examined the deserted camp of the highwaymen. There was nothing but a burned-out pile of ashes and charred sticks and a few empty bottles. The bottles gave the clew for which I searched. The highwaymen had certainly made their

men. They had not stopped there certainly, so I took the trail to Telluride, a mining camp farther on in the mountains. Telluride was then a camp of 800 or 1,000 souls, and there was a bit of a mining boom on which daily brought new prospectors to swell its citizenship, fatuous souls brought there by the greed of gold—a lure that never fails to attract victims in swarms. For three days I searched in vain through the saloons and dance halls and other places where the rough miners congregated without finding a trace of my three rogues. That infallible sixth sense of mine was doing its best to keep me longer in Telluride, although my judgment told me to move on to Silverton; but in the end my intuition won the fight and I remained.

"One evening I was drinking with a law-abiding miner. The whisky was abundant. The distillery where it was made would never have recognized its product in its present form. I complained of the poor quality of whisky and asked my acquaintance if there were not some better stuff to be found in the camp. He said there was not, at any of the bars, but that he had been given an amazingly good drink by a miner, whose name he mentioned. He said it had been in a little bottle which held just enough to tease one, but it was the best liquor he had drunk since he left Kentucky many years before. He flicked his lips in pleasant memory of the drink.

"I almost gave myself away, so keen was my pleasure at this chance remark. I inquired about the gen-

erous owner of the good liquor, with a show of indifference I was far from feeling. He was a late arrival, it seemed, and lived in a shanty far up on the mountainside with two companions. The three were making a rather poor attempt to work a claim they had preempted.

"Getting away from my inquisitive miner-friend, I climbed the steep trail to the cabin and set about an investigation of it with great caution. The men were at home, and from the sounds issuing from his closed doors I guessed they were having a rare old time that evening. I approached to the very door and listened with my ear to the planks to sounds of revelry within. The men were gambling and drinking, and I could hear the clink of coins and the rattle of bottles and the ribald jests with which they made their bets and gloated over their winnings and cursed their luck when they lost. I heard sufficient to make me sure that my much-sought bandits were in the cabin, although there was no direct mention of the express robbery.

"It was the dry season, and this was in my favor, for no rains came to obliterate the trail. For five days I followed the bandits across the hills and through the valleys, verifying my route from time to time by fragments of broken whisky bottles along the way, and at the places where they had camped for a night. The buffet-car must have been well stocked, for I found many bottles in this journey.

"The trail eventually came to a well beaten road, which, from my map, I learned was the stage and mail route from Montrose, the nearest railroad point to Ouray, then a rather insignificant mining settlement. I lost no time in getting to Ouray, for it was impossible to trail my men along this road and I was sure they had headed for the mining camp.

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"It would have been the rankest folly to have attempted their arrest without assistance—although I did tackle such a job once in my salad days, as this scur will testify," and he pointed to an ugly wound at the back of his neck, partially covered by his flowing gray locks. "But that is another story. I decided to call on the United States deputy marshal, a man of tigerish bravery, for assistance. There was no chink or crack in the door through which I could gain a peek at the interior of the cabin, so I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled around to the back of the cabin where I thought there might be a window. There was a window, but it was closed with a heavy shutter, and I could not find any point to pry through; but I did find something on the way around. My hand touched something round and smooth, and I clutched it involuntarily. It was one of the little whisky flasks. After I had left the cabin I struck a match and examined it. The label of the car company was still on it.

"The deputy marshal was found at one of the dance halls and he soon summoned a reliable posse. We surrounded the cabin, from which still issued the sounds of revelry. The men were stationed at every point about the door. In response to our summons one of the miners staggered across the floor and threw the door wide open. We tripped him up and rushed over him into the cabin. The men were too drunk to make any resistance, and we captured them without

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## ALL DRESS LIKE MEN

Only an Eskimo Can Tell Boys from Girls.

In the Barren and Monotonous Country of Greenland Women Do All the Hard and Laborious Work.

If our American women were transported to a clime where they were expected to build their own houses while their dutiful husbands went a-fishing, where it was considered utter madness to wash one's clothes—to wear them in fact to the bitter end; where beef, mutton or pork were non-existent, and where chairs, tables and bedsteads were unknown, it is highly probable that the cause of woman suffrage would enlist new recruits.

And yet these are merely a few of the inconveniences and hardships in



Winter Attire of Men and Women.

the daily life of the Eskimo housewife, says R. P. Harvey, in the *Pittsburg Literary Magazine*. For the mode of living and customs of the hardy Arctic race have changed little since the discovery of Greenland hundreds of years ago, although there is now a Christian church, and supply steamers are maintained by the Danish government for improving the condition of the Eskimo.

In this barren and monotonous country the women do all the hard and laborious work, build their houses, rig up tents, help in the hunting and fishing, and make their own and their husband's clothes. At the commencement of the cold weather they set to work to build their winter quarters. A suitable spot is selected, and the walls are built up by the sturdy maids and women with masses of stone heaped one upon another with pieces of turf between. All the holes and cracks are filled in with earth, bushes are then laid on top, and finally a layer of fine earth. Spaces are left for the windows, which are filled up with pieces of soft thin seal-skin sewn together. The entrance to these houses is by a small passage, so low that the occupants must creep in on their hands and knees.

These curious residences are all on the ground floor. Several families dwell in one house, each room often containing an entire family. If, after the house is built, another family wishes to join the domestic circle, an extra "wing" is built alongside, the one entrance serving for all. There are no fireplaces or chimneys in these "winter resorts," but suspended from the roof is a basin filled with oil, and containing a quantity of dry moss, which, when lighted, gives a broad flame. This warms the house instead of a fire and gives light to the occupants by day and night, besides being used for cooking food and drying shoes and clothes. The floor of the house is a little above the hearth, so that the men may sit in front with their legs dangling down, and the women, of course, sit behind, cross-legged. There is not a solitary stick of furniture beyond this lamp, but old tents or skins are spread on the floor, which serve as bed and bedding at night and parlor furniture in the day.

Marriage customs in Greenland are a great many cases conspicuous by their absence, a large proportion of the natives being polygamists, taking to themselves one, two or more wives, according to their means and disposition.

As will be seen from the illustration accompanying this article, the dress of both sexes is very similar. The upper garment is made of seal-skin with the hair side out, terminating in a tongue in the case of the women, whilst the men's are cut even all round. The top is so far open as to admit the wearer's head, a hood being behind. This is neatly trimmed with fox-skin, and made to fall back over the shoulders, or cover the head, if required.

The lining consists of the skins of the eludeduck or auk; the lining being close to the bottom and open at the breast serves as a pocket. This dress is called an amaut. Under them both men and women wear shirts made of the skins of birds, sewn together, the leathers being turned towards, so that they come next to the skin.

By way of a great coat in stormy weather a smooth seal-skin hide is worn, called a tuelik. The boots are made of seal-skin with the hair towards, the sole being covered with walrus hide; these reach over the knees and meet the middle part of the dress. The whole "costume" is made by the women.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Dufance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Not Hard to Please. "Woman may be uncertain and coy," remarked the boarding house philosopher, "but she isn't hard to please. That's where the poet is wrong."

"What new light have you had on that subject, Mr. McGinnis?" asked the landlady.

"She'll put up with almost any kind of stick for a husband and wear any old thing on her head for a hat."

For Colds and Grippe—Capudine. The best remedy for Grippe and Colds is Hicks' Capudine. Relieves the aching and feverishness. Cures the cold—headaches also. It's Liquid—Effects immediately—10, 25 and 50¢ at Drug Stores.

The proper repast to be served after a card party—a game supper.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. Occasionallly a dressmaker gives her husband fits.

**Pop buys me SPEARMINT**  
**Why? He sez it helps his stummick, an' wots good for him is good for me.**  
**WHIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PEPSIN GUM**

**Libby's Food Products**  
**Never Vary in Quality or Taste**  
because the utmost care is taken by Libby's Chefs to select only the choicest materials, and put these up in the same careful manner every time. You are thus assured of uniform goodness, and this is the reason that the use of Libby's gives such general satisfaction to every housewife.

Try these Libby Foods:  
**Dried Beef**  
**Mexican Tamale**  
**Ham Loaf**  
**Oh! Oh! Carne**  
**Vienna Sausage**  
**Evaporated Milk**

For luncheon, spreads or every day meals, they are just the thing.

Keep a supply in the house. You never can tell when they will come in handy. Ask for Libby's and be sure you get Libby's.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby**

**SICK HEADACHE**  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Biliousness, Headache, Stomach Pain, Costive Bowels, Pains in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature  
**W. D. Wood**  
**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.**  
**WRIGLEY'S**